

# “DOUBLE” SKADI

BIWEEKLY STORY #66

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The Caster Servants of Chaldea had been growing agitated in recent months. Ever since Scathach-Skadi had been summoned to their little organization, there had been a very sharp decline in the usage of literally *any* other Caster. She was just too strong, too beautiful, too useful! Why would Master bring another Caster along when Miss Skadi could do it all!?

*Some might even say the meta had changed.*

So every other Heroic Spirit housed within the same class had become demoralized. Some were agitated, others were depressed – it quite simply wasn't a pretty sight in any sense of the term. Some had been driven to the lengths of looking for ways to change themselves so that they might become more useful and, as a result, find themselves in their Master's good graces again.

Shamefully, Nitocris considered herself to be among this group of desperate visionaries willing to do anything to be of use once more. She was a Pharaoh of course, but she had come to pride herself as Ritsuka's reliable Servant just as much. Being essentially discarded had shaken her to her very core, and so she had become willing to do whatever it took to become as useful as she had once been seen.

So it was fortunate that she had a magic mirror at her disposal. A tool that could reflect whatever was desired upon its wielder – a use that the Pharaoh seldom used, if ever. There were some risks that could undo the nature of her very existence if used incorrectly. But now? Nitocris was just desperate enough to not only consider it, but she was on the cusp of doing so.

**“Mm... I believe everything is in order. So now I simply need to state my desires if I can recall.”** Within her private chambers, the Egyptian Caster had conjured her mirror in its truest form: a full, body length mirror that revealed the woman’s entire body to her. Standing completely naked, the perkiness of her breasts and the shaved cut of her pubes were on full display. But she could not use her mirror in this way if she were clothed.

The woman closed her vibrant, purple eyes, and she stated her intention before the dark powers of the mirror. **“Give me what I am lacking, so that I can fill Skadi’s shoes on Master’s team!”** However, she had made a very crucial mistake in how she expressed this desire. What Nitocris should have done was refer to the Scandinavian Caster by her full name of ‘*Scathach-Skadi*’, and by using only the latter half of her title? Her mirror was focusing on another individual, one not even in this dimension.

A bright purple light shone from the mirror’s reflective surface, one that would continue to glow so long as its powers were working their magic upon Nitocris’ very being. At best, she had expected to obtain a portion of Scathach-Skadi’s powers so that she would be able to rival the woman on the battlefield and earn her place back in her Master’s team once more.

*But she was really about to get much more than she bargained for.*

**“Strange. The mirror’s effects do not usually feel so... good.”** And ‘good’ would put putting things lightly. The longer the mirror’s light was absorbed by her skin, the better it felt. How could she best describe it? She felt more *powerful*? But at the same time her skin also felt a little more *sensitive*.

At the very least, it became clear why she felt more powerful in a literal sense. The skin across Nitocris’ body tightened with sudden purpose, not of its own volition but because the contents her skin contained had swollen in an all encompassing manner. Despite being a user of magic, she’d always had a toned pair of abs. But her arms and legs? They were as scrawny as could be. Or *had* been.

**“Oh, wow!”** The Pharaoh could only watch with awe while her twiglike limbs thickened with noticeable muscle mass, bulging enough that made it clear she’d become much stronger than normal, but not so much so that anyone could say it appeared excessive. With her dark skin pulled tight against them, these muscles really glistened. **“...Wait.”**

Something didn't quite add up here though, right? Scathach-Skadi was strong, but she wasn't *muscular*. She was squishy at best, and Nitocris only knew this because the woman herself often complained about not being as in shape as her Lancer self. So why would becoming more like Scathach-Skadi lead to firmer muscles? Or a larger... "**UWAH!?**"

Caster had been staring down at her body in awe of its strength still when her view was suddenly obscured thanks to a certain pair of *some things* bouncing about. Her hands immediately reached inward to get them under control, them being her *breasts*, which had miraculously been upped a full cup size. Okay, well this was something she knew Skadi had. Her rack wasn't up there with the likes of Artemis or Minamoto no Raikou, but it certainly wasn't anything to scoff at. And it certainly had been bigger than Nitocris'.

'*Had been*' being the key phrasing here.

Even though one cup size was already dramatic growth by definition, the fingers cupping her enlarged tits were forced apart by additional fat that saw her orbs grow larger still. Dark nipples expanded and poked out between her thumb and index fingers on either hand, all while these hands were forced back as each breast grew to a size just a little smaller than her head. "**Whoa, they're huge!**" In a way, she'd always wondered what it might feel like to have a heftier bosom, and now she was lifting the weight curiously in either hand, dropping them occasionally to see them bounce.

She eventually grew bored though. Well, bored, and aware that she was acting like a child. Regardless, the sway of her ass suddenly commanded her attention further. What graced her behind wasn't anywhere near as much of an upgrade as the DD breasts her back now supported, but a little more shape was bestowed upon them – largely to offset how her rear had tightened when her body had become more muscular. Cheeks bulged several inches outwards thanks to the fat that blessed them, seeing the canyon between them grow into an even more intimidating expanse. One that only the fearless might consider spelunking within.

"**And my butt!? My legs!?**" It was just one thing after the other now, and Caster's mouth rested agape as she observed the ever changing conditions of her more sensual proportions. *Now* it was her thighs. Nitocris leaned forward so that she can sink her fingers into them as she watched them grow plump. At first those digits contacted the firmness of her muscles immediately, only for a squishiness settled in to give her thighs a *much* softer glow and feel.

Nitocris was so caught up in it all that she had once again forgotten that her mirror shouldn't have been changing her in this way. The large part

of her that desired a more attractive and powerful body, on the other hand? It was quite simply drowning everything else out almost uncharacteristically. Still leaning forward, she in fact was feeling so good that she didn't even notice her height springing up a handful of inches, until she was a beauty as statuesque as she was endowed. Now her eyes stood even with the glowing mirror's peak, rather than two thirds of the way up.

But if Nitocris had grown oblivious to the absurdity of it all, she would certainly be shocked by the next onslaught of changed. **“EEK!?! MY SKIN!?”** *There* it was. Almost like inversed freckles, patches of white had started soiling her consistent, brown complexion as well as the red markings across her face. These freckles expanded and multiplied at a pace she considered alarming, for her proud Egyptian heritage was disappearing before her very eyes! Her breasts paled, her nipples became pink, and her pubes turned silver. Wait. *Silver?*

Silver indeed. But her pubes certainly weren't alone. Long, purple locks were subjected to a similar color shift beginning at the tips and sweeping upward. It almost looked like she had an off-color gradient were the process to pause, but it didn't, and even her bangs were swept up by this platinum look. The flat, rounded look of the hair that dangled behind her lost its shape and then hung there in a much more mundane manner not long after. Not only were her ear-like antennae dyed as well, but they flattened against her head and disappeared entirely!

Yet Nitocris herself was stunned. **“What...? Why did...? What's happened to me?”** All of her enthusiasm had left her, and she sounded much more monotonous. Not in attitude alone – but more like her voice had deepened and lost its luster altogether. She certainly wasn't excited now that her birthright had been stolen from her, but on the other hand why did she care about birthright?

*What had that birthright been, anyways?*

*She couldn't remember.*

Her head fuzzy, her eyes shone a fiery crimson as she shook said head from side to side. All the while, her facial construction altered, stealing away the last remaining features that made Nitocris well, *Nitocris*. Her lips swelled, and those eyes that turned red narrowed. All in all, said face was leaner but also sharper in the jaw. Giving her a much more mature, and much more Caucasian look. Not that the change in skin tone hadn't already given the game away there.

But it was no longer a problem. She just stood there, staring blankly at the mirror while new memories overwhelmed the old. They stole away

her *identity*, her *history*, her *personality*. And what was left? She could hardly be called Nitocris. She wasn't even in the same Servant class.

The woman's crimson eyes surveyed her surroundings. **"This is... my room?"** It had to be, right? Even though she was a warrior summoned from another world, the new *Saber*, *Skadi* also recognized that this was just how things were in this Chaldea place. She had never really questioned it – but was that true? This somehow all felt unbelievable, even though her memories implied she had been here for months at best.



Skadi's attention was eventually corrected back to her reflection in the mirror. **"Why aren't I dressed?"** It wasn't like her to linger in the nude. Her body was respectably sized by her own opinion (*even thought many considered her to be a knockout*), but she just preferred to wear clothes even in private.

It was of particular concern because, as she recalled, Master required her for a farming excursion in just a few minutes. **"I should get ready."** It was difficult being one of Master's favorite Servants, this much was obvious. Skadi didn't mind it though, she liked keeping busy. But in all likelihood, she was going to be paired up with that Scathach-Skadi again, and...

Well, she didn't want Master to hear about the *physical relationship* that she had with that woman if she could help it.